

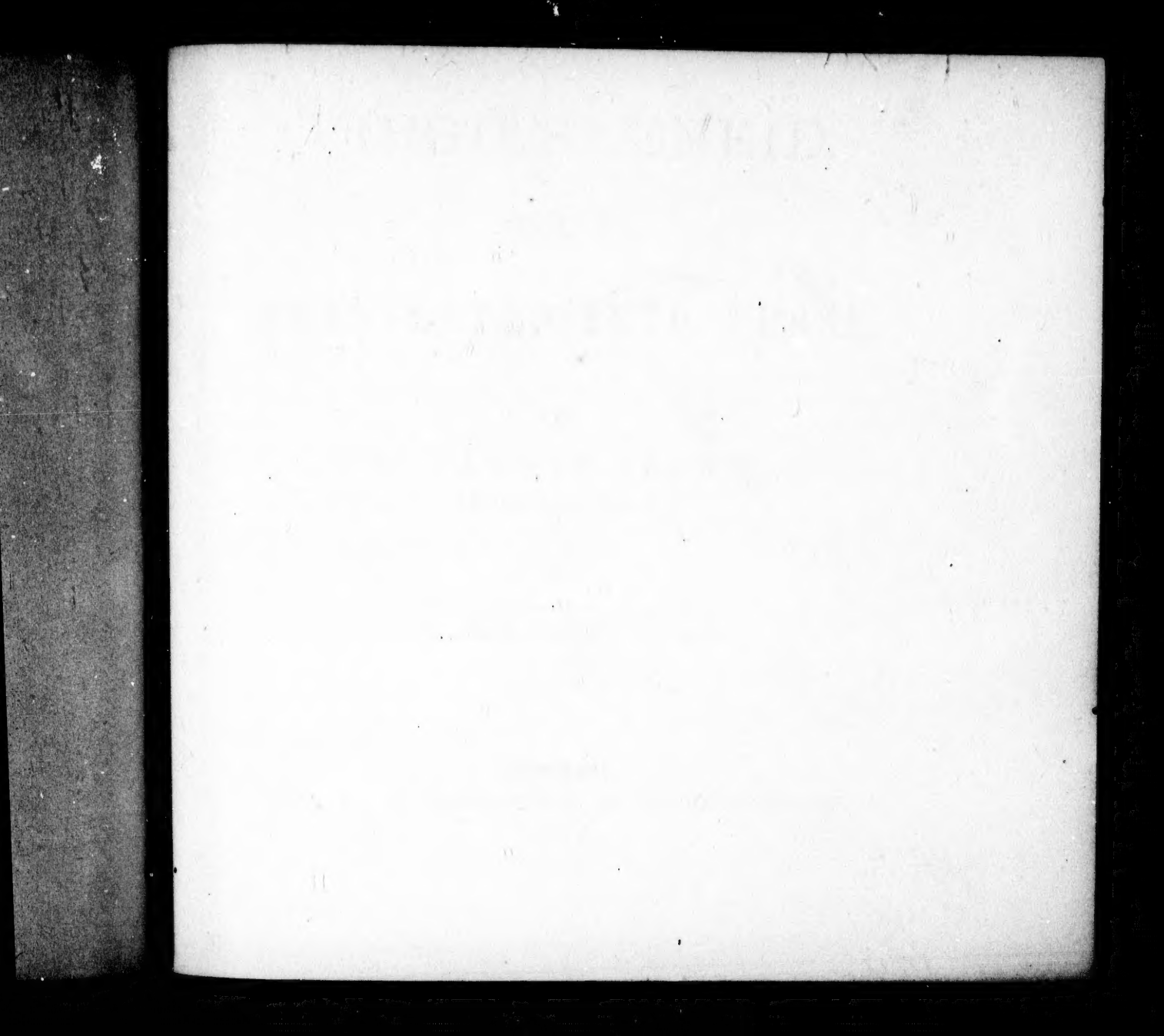
VIRGIL'S ÆNEID,
BOOK VI,
TRANSLATED INTO VERSE.

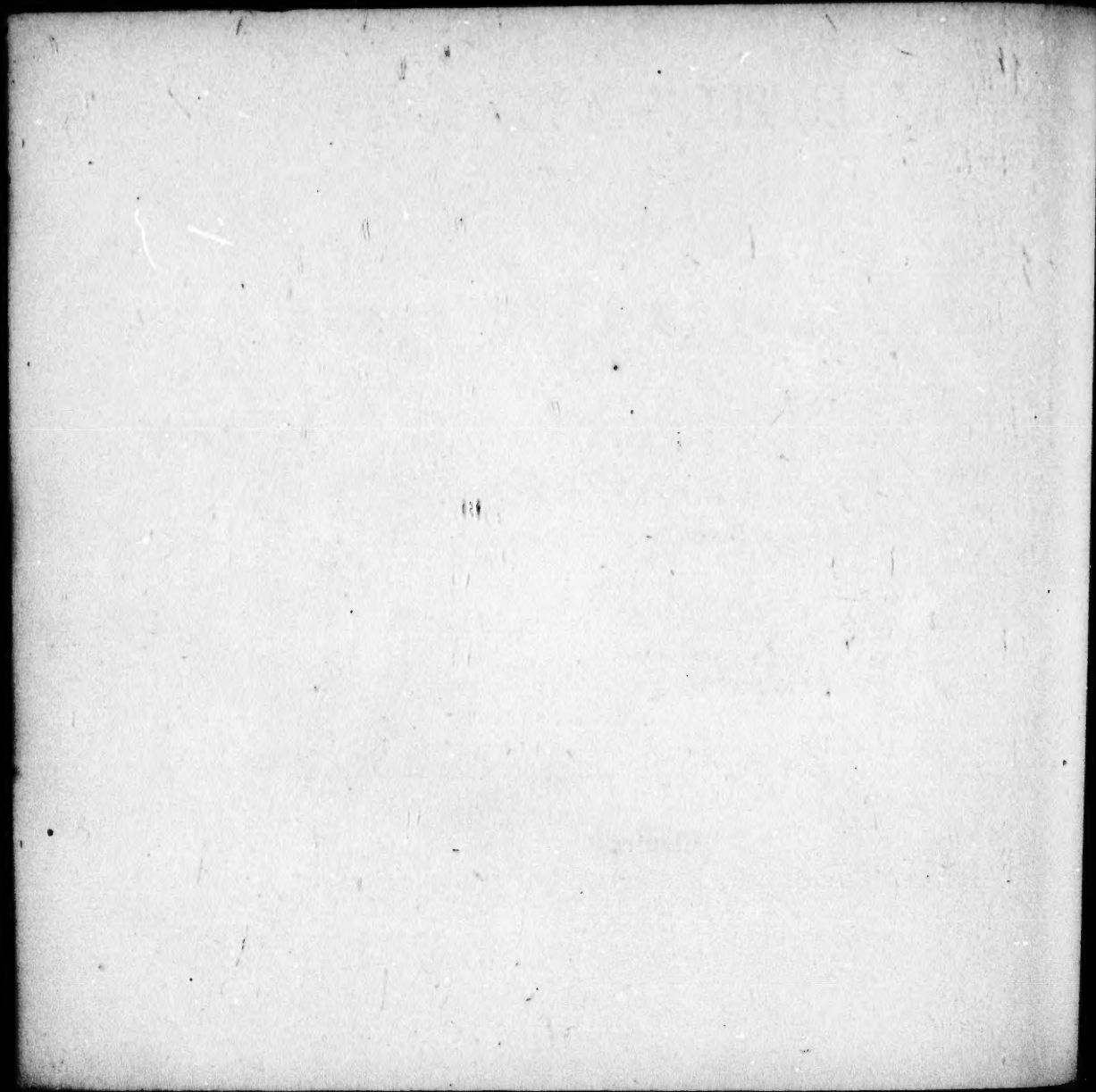
BY
W. DAWSON BROWN,
(Translator of Book V.)

"FACILIS DESCENSUS AVERNI."

Montreal:
PRINTED BY JOHN LOVELL, ST. NICHOLAS STREET.
1866.





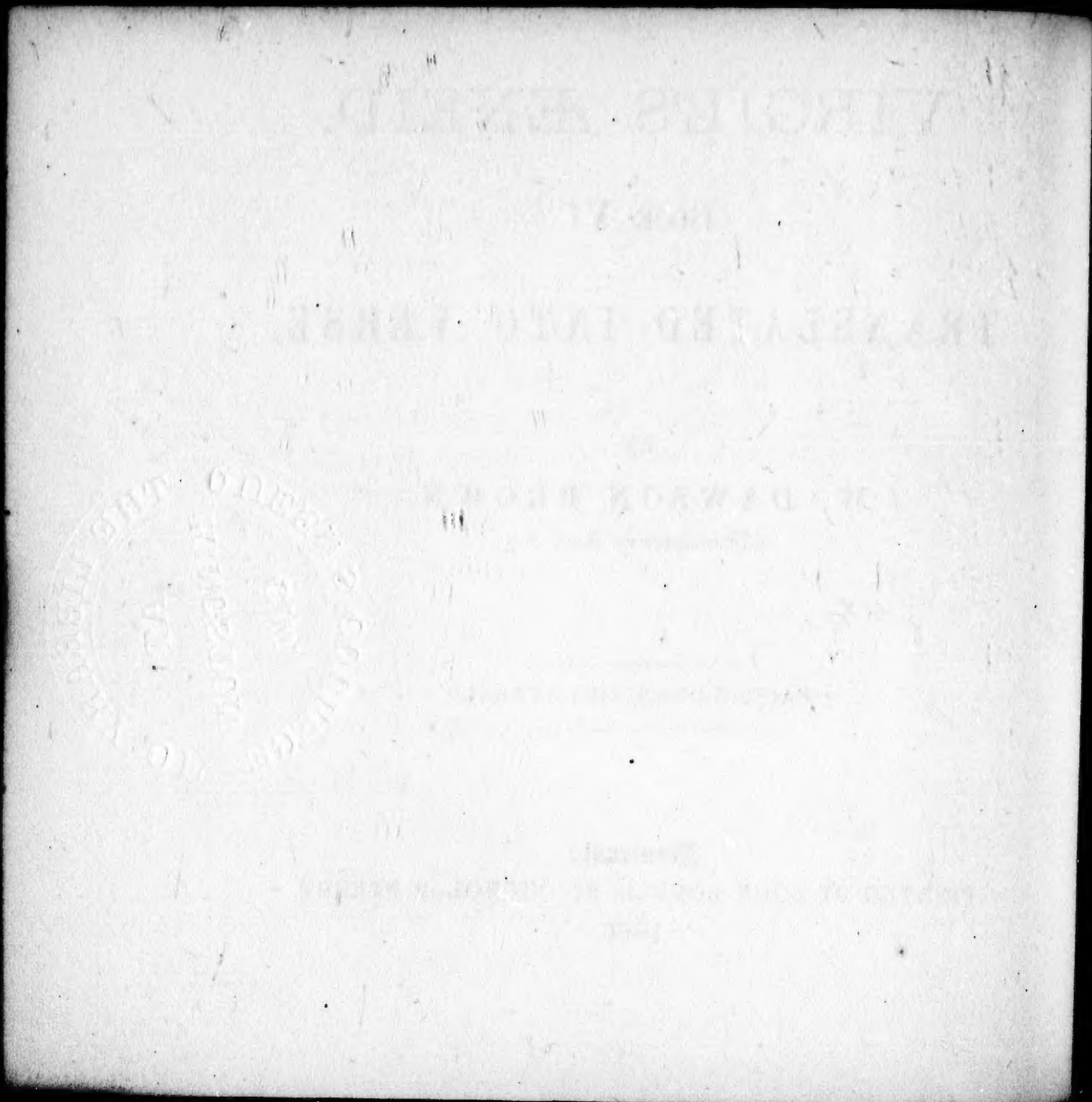


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P R E F A C E .

ENCOURAGED by the favorable opinion of the Translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, Book V—expressed by several friends, and accompanied with a desire that the work should be continued—the translation of Book VI has been attempted, in a similar manner: and it is now published, in the hope that it may meet with still greater success.

These two Books, from the peculiarity of the incidents, have much of the nature of Episodes, and may stand alone, as fragments of the great Epic, perhaps better than any others. Whether they shall be allowed to do so, or not, will much depend upon the decision of a generous public.

W. D. B.

MONTREAL, 4th June, 1866.

Arrive

CONTENTS.

Arrival of *Æneas* at Cumæ, in Italy : consultation of the Oracle of Apollo, at that place : permission received to descend to the Infernal Regions : his descent under the guidance of the Sibyl : encounter with his pilot, *Palinurus* : crossing of the *Styx* : passage through the seats of various spirits in Purgatory—of Lovers, where he meets with *Dido*—of warriors, with *Deiphobus*, son of *Priam* : description of Hell Proper by the Sibyl : arrival at Elysium : meeting with his father *Anchisès*—the great object of the journey : exhibition by *Anchisès* of shades about to return to upper earth and to become distinguished Roman Emperors, generals, &c., his descendants : return to the ships and arrival at Caieta.

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ÆNEID, B. VI.



So, in tears, he speaks ; and to fleet gives reins :
And the Euboïc coast* at length he gains
Of Cumæ. They to seaward turn the prows ;
Then, with firm tooth, the anchor dropt from bows
The stayed ships moored : the curved poops fringe the shore.
An ardent band of youths forth spring to explore
The Italian soil : part seek the seeds of fire
In the flint's veins hid ; part, borne by desire,
Plunder the woods, the wild beasts' coverts dense,
And tell of streams descried, returning thence.

But pious Æneas to the towers repairs
O'er which the high Apollo influence bears,
And the vast cave, the Sibyl's dread recess,—
Whom the great god inspiring does impress
With understanding and a will, that she,
Prophetic, may disclose things yet to be.

The grove they soon—Diana's loved bowers—thread.

Fleeing Minoïs' realms—'tis by Fame said—
 Dædalus* dared to trust him to the sky,
 And with swift pinions, fearless, steered on high
 To the cold North his unaccustomed way ;
 Hovering at length o'er Cumæ—there made stay.
 To these lands first restored, O Phœbus, he
 His rowing gear of wings, resigned, to thee
 Did consecrate, and a huge temple reared.

Upon the doors† Androgeus' death appeared ;
 And the sad penalty—the Athenians doomed
 Yearly to yield seven sons to be consumed :
 Ah, wretched ! the lots drawn, there the urn does stand.
 As counterpart:—in sea the ‡Gnossian land.
 Herein Pasiphaë's mad love ; and hence,
 Dire progeny, the Minotaur immense :
 Record impure of lust inordinate.
 Here, too, the monster's home—work intricate,
 Inextricable maze. But—for he the flame
 Pitied of kindled love in royal dame||—
 The wily intricacies of the place
 Dædalus himself's unravelling, the trace

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Of footsteps dark controlling by a thread.
In such great work thou, too, should'st had thy stead,
O Icarus,* with power his grief to waive :
Twice he essayed in gold thy fall to grave ;
Twice fell the hands parental.—Doubtless, they
Had all things scanned in more minute survey,
But with Achatès came, premissioned he,
Phœbus and Dian's priestess, Deiphobè,
Glaucus' daughter ; who speech of king did seize :—
Such time demands not spectacles like these ;
Better now slay from untouched herd seven steers,
And from flock, as wont, like number of two-years.

Æneas thus addressed :—nor the ordered rites
Delayed the men—the Trojans she invites
Into the lofty temple. Hollowed a cave,
In huge side of Euboïc rock, they have ;
Whither wide entrances, a hundred, lead—
The hundred mouths whence voices like proceed,
Responses of the Sibyl. Barrier gained :
'Tis time to ask your fates to have explained,
The virgin cries, the God ! the God is here !
This 'fore portals uttering did cohere,

Suddenly, air nor hue of face ; nor rest
Her well combed tresses : but her heaving breast
And wild heart swell with fury ; and she seems
Larger, nor mortal-sounding, as she teems
With the more instant God.—Thou, she says, lag'st,
Trojan Æneas ; in vows and prayers lag'st :
But, not before, of the astonished fane
The numerous mouths will ope. This said : she then
Was silent. Awe thrilled cold the Trojans through ;
And from inmost soul their king these prayers drew :—
Phœbus,* of Troy's ills aye compassionate,
Who Paris' †Trojan shaft directedst straight
Against the body of Æacidès,
I, with thy guidance, have on many seas,
Large territories girding, ventured—
Of far remote Massyli, and the dread
Syrtes bordering : now we, finally,
Have caught the shores of fleeing Italy.
Thus far has Trojan fortune us pursued.
It now is lawful that you also should
The race Pergamæan spare, ye Gods all
And Goddesses, whom Ilium‡ did gall,

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And glory great Dardanian. And thou,
O prophetess most holy, to avow
What shall be prescient, vouchsafe, I pray,
[I ask no kingdom from my fates astray]
In Latium Trojans rest without annoy,
And wandering Gods, tossed deities of Troy.
A temple then will I, of solid marble, raise
To Phœbus and Diana,—and festive days
Appoint in Phœbus' name. Thee does await,
Within our kingdom also, recess great :
For here thy oracles apart I'll place,
And hidden fates declared unto my race,
And to thy service chosen men devote,
O gracious one. Only commit thou not
To leaves thy verses ; lest they fly away
The sport of gusty winds : sing them, I pray,
Thyself. He ceased to speak.—Inside the cave
The raging prophetess still wild does rave,
Not yet of Phœbus patient, and her best
Tries, to discard the great God from her breast.
So much the more her rabid mouth he strains,
Taming her fierce heart : and so moulding feigns.

And now the vast temple's hundred mouths wide ope,
Self-moved, and Sibyl's answer give free scope:—
O 'scaped at length from the sea's dangers great,
Perils more grievous thee by land await.
Into Latinus' realms* shall come the race
Of Dardanus; this care from breast efface:
But that they had not come shall wish. Wars, lo!
Wars, I see, horrid; and the Tiber flow
With much blood foaming. Thee shall neither fail
Xanthus nor Simois, nor Greek camp's pale.
Already an Achillès, ripe for scorn,
In Latium is: he, too, of goddess born.
And from the Trojans absent ne'er shall be
Persistent Juno. In extremity,
Whom shalt thou not, what nations not implore,
Or what Italian cities not before
Bow suppliant. The cause of such great ill
A wife to Trojans hospitable still,
And still foreign nuptials. To ills do thou
Succumb not, but go 'gainst with bolder brow
Than thee shall thy fortune let. The first way
Of safety a Greek city shall display:

Which least of all thou dream'st.—In such words sings,
Forth from recess, her awful shadowings
Cumæan Sibyl, and from cave resounds ;
Truths in obscureness wrapping : in such bounds
Apollo, to her raging, gives the reins
And plies 'neath breast the spur, but yet restrains.

Her fury ceased ; silent her accents wild ;
Æneas 'gins to speak, the hero mild :—
To me, O virgin, shape of ill, nor new,
Nor unexpected, rises up to view.
All things I have forestalled, and acted o'er
Ere now in thought. One thing I thee implore :
Since the Infernal gate, 'tis said, is here,
And, Acheron upheaved, the gloomy mere,
May't be my lot, for sight and speech to go
Of my dear parent : thou the way do show
And the awful portals ope. Him from the fray,
Through flames and urging darts, I bore away
Upon these shoulders ; from mid foe did save :
He my way shared ; all seas with me did brave ;
Infirm, all threats of deep and sky engage,
Beyond the strength and privilege of age.

Moreover, thee to seek and to repair
To thy threshold suppliant, me with prayer
He did himself enjoin. Both son and sire
Pity, O gracious one; grant our desire:
For thou canst all things, nor did Hecate*
The Avernian groves consign in vain to thee.
If his wife's manès Orpheus could recall,
His Thracian harp's harmonious strings his all:
If Pollux, by his death alternate, saved
His brother, and the way so often braved:
Why Theseus? Why the great Alcides† name?
I too from mighty Jove do lineage claim.

In such words prayed he, and with pious hand
The altar touched. Then thus began more bland
The prophetess:—By blood with the gods blent,
O Trojan Anchisiadès, descent
Is easy of Avernus. Night and day
Dark Pluto's gate stands open; broad the way:
But to retrace the steps, and to high air
Emerge,—the task, the difficulty there.
Whom the just Jupiter has loved, a few,
And virtue bright to heaven has raised, 'tis true

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Sprung they from gods, have done't. Wide woods between,
Girt by Cocytus' dark tide, intervene.
But if such love is thine; such longing great,
Twice the Stygian lake to navigate,
Twice the gloomy Tartarus to espy,
And feat insane it pleaseth thee to try,—
Hear what must first be done: There lurks a spray
On shady tree, golden its foliage gay
And gentle stem; to Juno* consecrate,
The infernal. It, as inviolate,
The woods all conceal, and the umbrage dark
Of bosky dells. But none 'tis given to embark
On quest of Earth's secrets deep, till from tree
He pluck the golden-tressèd progeny.
This to be brought to her as special meed
The beautiful Proserpine has decreed.
When pulled: another, golden, in its place
Faileth not; and leaves of like ore apace
The stem germinates. Therefore, with raised eyes,
Search; and, when found, with hand pluck guarded-wise:
For of itself and yielding 'twill requite
Thine anxious pains, if thee the Fates invite;

Else, it to rend no strength shall thee avail,
Nor with hard steel to unfix shalt thou prevail.
Besides, thy friend's corpse lies, alas! the while
Unknown to thee; does the whole fleet defile,
Whilst thou consult'st and hang'st about our door.
Him to his place bear and entomb before:
Dark cattle lead; these thy first victims be:
So thou, at length, the Stygian groves shalt see—
Realms to the quick pathless.—Closed her replies:
Æneas with sad look, and downcast eyes,
From cave walks forth; upon each dark event
Within his own troubled mind his thoughts intent.
His faithful friend Achatès him attends,
And, with like care oppressed, his steps he bends.

In various talk, much then they did confer:
What friend the priestess might extinct aver,
What corpse to be inhumed. As they drew near,
On the dry shore Misenus did appear,
By death unworthy slain—Misenus, son
Of *Æolus; than whom more skilled was none
Men with trump to rouse, and with sound to inflame
Hot war. He had once been of Hector's fame

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Companion: and, with him, was wont to appear
Noted in fights by clarion eke and spear.
Great Hector by Achillès, victor, slain,
The hero joinèd had Æneas' train—
No meaner lot. Whilst, fool, he wakes the sea
With hollow conch—and Gods to rivalry,
Envious Triton*—if worth credence grave—
Him, caught 'mong rocks, had whelmed in frothy wave.
Therefore they all bewailed with clamor great:
Pious Æneas most disconsolate.

The orders then of Sibyl, weeping they
To accelerate proceed without delay:
And the altar of the sepulchre they vie
To heap with trees and draw out to the sky.
Forth to the ancient woods—the lofty stalls
Of savage beasts—they went: the pine down falls:
Resounds the holm tree with the axe's stroke,
And the ashen trunks: to wedge splits fissile oak:
Wild-ashes huge they make to topple low
The mountains o'er. Æneas to and fro
Chief 'mid these labors goes: the men incites,
And, with like arms begirt, to toil invites.

Meanwhile, this thought lights up his sorrow's cloud,
Eying the wide woods, and he prays aloud :
O may that golden branch upon its tree
In such a grove now show itself to me ;
Since all, alas ! the prophetess did tell
Too truly that, Misenus, thee befell.
Scarce had he said : when flying from the sky
Two pigeons came, by chance, and down close by
Sat on the green earth. Then he knew that they
His mother's birds* were ; and, rejoiced, does pray :
O now be ye my guides, if way there be,
And through the air the course direct show ye
Unto the grove where shades the fertile ground
The precious branch : and thou, when doubts surround,
Parent divine, O fail me not. He stayed,
When thus he spoke, his steps : and strict watch made
What signs they'd show, whither begin to tend.
Flitting and feeding they their way did wend
Far as keen eyes of followers could note,
Till they had reached Avernus' noisome throat :
When, on wing they rise ; and, through liquid air
Gliding, they to the wished-for seats repair,

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And light on forkèd tree; whence the gay sheen,
Through the boughs different, of gold was seen.
As in the woods the misletoe is wont
The winter's cold with fresh leaf to confront;
Nor yet by its own tree sown, but around
The taper trunk the yellow birth has wound:
Such on dark holm the show of golden rind;
So trilled the spangle in the gentle wind.
Æneas clutches quick, and eager tears
It slowly yielding, and to Sibyl bears.

No less, meanwhile, the Trojans on the shore
Misenus wept, and the last honors bore
To the ungrateful ashes. First they reared—
With torch-pines fat, and huge with split oak tiered—
A funeral pile; whose sides they interweave
With mournful boughs; sacred to those that grieve
The dead, place dismal cypresses before;
And with his shining arms adorn it o'er.
Part fountains hot and surging pots disjoint
From fires, and wash the cold corpse and anoint.
Lament is made: then on a couch they place
The members, when bemoaned; and o'er to grace

Dark robes, the well known drapery, they throw.
Part 'neath the huge bier did, sad duty, go ;
And the subjected torch by usage they
Of fathers held, their faces turned away.
Gifts of frankincense mingled in the frame
And fat, and oil from goblets, catch the flame.
Collapsed the ashes and the blazing o'er,
On relics and dry embers wine they pour.
And Chorinæus the culled bones bestows
In brazen case : round friends with lymph thrice goes,
Sprinkling from olive branch the gentle dew,
And purged the men and spoke the last adieu.
But pious Æneas a huge tomb placed,
With the man's arms and oar and trumpet graced,
Near lofty mount. The spot from him is named
Misenus now, and so shall aye be famed.

These duties done : he hastens to obey
The Sibyl's last command. A cavern lay—
Deep, and of yawning vast, with pebbles strewed—
Protected by dark lake and umbrage broad ;
Cross which there could not any flying thing
Its way pursue, unscathed, on fluttering wing,

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Such breath forth issuing from the dark throat,
To high convex did pestilential float.
The Greeks the place did hence Avernus* name.
Here, first, four dark-backed steers—the Sibyl's claim—
He placed : on head the priestess pours the wine ;
And, first offering, hairs that 'mid horns incline
Plucking she casts on sacred fire ; with yell
Hecatè calling, in heaven feared and hell.
Others the knives use, and in goblets catch
The tepid blood. Æneas does despatch,
With his own hand and sword, a dark-fleeced lamb,
To night—of the Eumenidès† the dam—
And her great sister : and a sterile cow,
Proserpine, unto thee. Besides, he now
To Stygian king‡ does nightly altars dress,
And on fires lays oxen's flesh whole—express ;
Pouring fat oil on burning sacrifice.
When lo ! toward the dawn and first sunrise,
The earth beneath their feet began to growl ;
And the tree tops to move ; and dogs to howl
Through the umbrage seemed, as drew the goddess nigh.
Away ! O ye profane, away !—'gins cry

The prophetess,—from the whole grove withdraw :
And take the road do thou, and thy sword draw
From scabbard forth ; of courage now indeed,
Æneas, now of stout heart there is need.
This said : to yawning cave she wildly hied ;
He, with no timid steps, attends his guide.

Ye Gods, to whom the empire does belong
Of spirits ; and ye shades—secluded throng ;
And Phlegethon and Chaos,—seats which shroud
Of silence wraps : to me may't be allowed
What heard to speak, with your grace to disclose
Things that in earth and thick gloom deep repose.

Under sheer night, through shade they darkling went
And Pluto's vacant homes, void realms' extent,
As, under light malign, to those the way
That through the inconstant moon in woods do stray,
When Jupiter has hid in cloud the sky
And dark night reft things of their wonted die.
In very porch, where first jaws Orcus* spreads,
Griefs and avenging Cares have placed their beds
And pale Diseases dwell ; and Old Age sad ;
And Fear ; and Hunger, prompting to the bad ;

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And Beggary, deformed with many a soil—
Shapes hideous to behold—and Death ; and Toil.
Then Death's brother Sleep, on adverse bar ;
And the mind's Evil Joys ; and deadly War ;
And steel-couched Furies ; and mad Discord, round
Her snaky locks with bloody fillet bound.
In middle : its boughs and antique arms displays
A shady elm and huge, which, rumor says,
Vain dreams frequent and 'neath the foliage hide.
And many shapes of various beasts beside :
Centaurs, in doors, and two-formed Scyllæ stall,
And hundred-handed Briareus : withal
The monster there of Lerna, hissing dire ;
And dread Chimæra, armed with flames of fire ;
Gorgons and Harpies and three-bodied shade.

Æneas now, with sudden fear dismayed,
His sword grasps, and presents to their advance
The naked blade : and, if had failed, by chance,
Companion sage him timely to apprise
That lives, without body rare, did in guise
Of hollow form flit—had rushed, and in vain
With sword had assailed shades.—*Thereby* is ta'en

To Acheron's Tartarëan tide the way
Cocytus *here* turbid with mire does stray,
Boiling in eddies vast, and heaves the sands.
Dread ferryman, these waters' guardian stands,
Horribly squalid, Charon : much white hair
Neglected rests on chin : in fire eyes stare :
From shoulder in a knot hangs garment mean.
He guides with pole his craft the shores between,
Himself ; and trims with sails ; and o'er conveys,
In the dark boat, the passengers always.
Now seeming old ; but well he bears time's load ;
An old age fresh and green becomes the God.
Hither the whole throng o'er the banks strewed speed :
Mothers and husbands ; and, from life now freed,
Brave heroes, forms ; boy and unmarried maid ;
And youths on pile in sight of parents laid.
As many as the leaves in woods that fall,
With the first chill of autumn trickling all ;
Or on the land that congregate from sea
As many as the birds, when them to flee
Across the waves the frigid year commands,
And sends to recreate in sunny lands.

Pleading they stand to be first ferried o'er,
And stretch their hands for love of farther shore ;
But the grim skipper these now those receives,
And others drives from beach far off and leaves.
Æneas—wondering, and moved as well
By the tumult—says : Thou, O virgin, tell
What means this concourse—I by favor speak—
Or what on bank so earnestly do seek
The sprites ? Or yet by what distinction swayed,
These left, those o'er the livid stream conveyed ?
The aged priestess shortly thus replied :
Anchises-born—certes with Gods allied—
Cocytus' pools thou seest, and Stygian lake
By which to swear Gods fear and oath to break :
All this the poor crowd is, denied a grave :
Ferryman,—Charon : buried,—those on wave :
Neither rough banks nor hoarse tide—this the doom—
Shalt cross before thy bones rest in the tomb.
A hundred years they roam these shores around,
Then the wished pools revisit, worthy found.
Æneas paused—his steps stayed on the spot,
Thinking much, and pitying the unjust lot.

Sad, and deprived of funeral obsequies,
Leucaspis here, Orontes too, he sees—
The latter leader of the Lycian fleet—
Who, o'er the sea from Troy borne, both did meet,
By stormy South-wind, with a watery grave ;
Ship at once ingulfed and men in the wave.—
Lo! pilot Palinurus bears in view,
Who, the stars watching, to his duty true,
Lately in Lybian course had from the poop
Amid the waves fallen headlong with fell swoop.
When scarce him sad through the deep gloom he knew,
He first him thus accosts:—Of the Gods who
Thee, Palinurus, snatched from us away
And whelmed beneath mid sea? Come, prithee, say ;
For, whom I never false before did find,
Apollo's one response deceived my mind,
Who sang thou shouldst be safe on deep, and mo,
Shouldst reach Italian bounds—his pledged troth lo!
To this:—Neither did oracle of Phœbus thee,
O Anchisiadès, deceive ; nor me
God 'neath sea whelm : for the helm, wrenched by force,
To which I, guardian, clung and ruled the course,

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I with me headlong haled. By the rough seas!
Not for myself so great fear me did seize,
As lest thy ship, of gear robbed, master reft,
Might in such rising waves be powerless left.
Three stormy nights the angry South me bore
Through seas immense, nor the fourth day before
From wave's top Italy by me was seen.
To land I swam apace, and safe had been,
But that the cruel people me, borne down
By garments wet, and holding rough rock's crown
With crooked paws—fiercely with sword assailed,
And, in their ignorance, a prey had hailed.
Now me the billows have, and to the shore
The winds do toss: therefore I thee implore
By heaven's grateful light and air; by sire;
By hope of thine Iulus youthful fire—
O invincible, from *these* ills me relieve.
Either do thou—thou canst—on me earth heave,
And find Velinus' port; or thou, if known
A way, if any has thee haply shown
Thy goddess mother—with Gods' grace, to steer
Across such streams, thou com'st, and Stygian mere—

Do thou, with thee, o'er tide me wretched bear,
That I, in death, still seats at least may share.
This said : the priestess 'gins in tones of ire :
Whence, O Palinurus, this so dread desire ?
Shalt see the Stygian without obsequies,
And stream severe of the Eumenidès ?
Or shalt to farther bank unordered tend ?
Hope not decrees of Gods by prayer to bend.
But—hard fate's balm—let this in mind abide :
The neighbors, through their cities far and wide,
By portents warned, thy bones shall expiate,
A tomb shall build, to tomb gifts consecrate,
And the place aye have Palinurus' name.
These words his carking cares did somewhat tame
And from his sad heart grief awhile expel ;
On the land's surname pleased his thoughts to dwell.

They then their way resume, and the stream near :
Whom as the skipper spied, from Stygian mere,
Through grove to go and bend to bank their path,
He first them thus accosts and checks in wrath :
Armed who to our stream tend'st, whoe'er thou art,
Why com'st thou, say, and instantly depart.

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Place this of shades, of sleep, and sleepy night;
The Stygian keel must bear no living wight.
Small cause had I to joy that on the lake,
Either Alcides, going, I did take;
Or Theseus and Perithöus: though they
Of Gods born were invincible, they say:
By force to enchain hell's watch *hæ* had in view,
And from King's very throne him trembling drew:
They queen from Pluto's couch to force did try.—
The Amphrysian prophetess made short reply:
Not any such snares here—cease thou to rave—
Nor force arms mean; the porter huge in cave
May with eternal bark the pale shades scare,
Proserpine chaste of uncle's gate take care:
Trojan Æneas, pious as brave, tends
To his father; to the dark shades descends.
If of such piety no gleam thee sways,
At least this branch—and she the branch displays
Beneath her mantle hid—thou'lt recognise.
Wrath towering in his bosom sinks and dies.
The venerable gift admiring mute,
Not seen for long—twig fated by repute,

He bouts dark craft and to the bank repairs.
Thence the various sprites away he scares
That through the benches sat and deck relieves,
And straight to hulk Æneas huge receives.
Groaned 'neath the weight the boat compact, and through
The numerous chinks much of the lake it drew.
Both prophetess and man, across the flood,
Safely at length he lands 'mong weeds and mud.
Huge Cerberus, in cave couched opposite,
With three-jawed bark these regions does affright.
To him the prophetess—seeing repose
Of snakes disturbed upon his neck—cake throws,
With medicated stuffs somniferous made.
He, wild with hunger—his throats three displayed—
Catches what thrown and gulps, and, dropped on floor,
His huge bulk yields, stretching the whole den o'er.
Buried the watch : Æneas entrance makes,
And way from stream whence no return quick takes.
Straightway are heard voices and wailing great;
And weeping infants' shades immediate,
Whom, of sweet life bereft, from bosom snatched,
The dark day stole and to fell grave despatched.

Nigh these are those to death by false charge doomed.
Nor without lot and judge these seats assumed :
Minos the urn moves, as judge ; and council calls
Of shades ; both lives and charges over-hales.
Then, the next places hold the wretched band
Who their own death have compassed with bold hand,
And, thoroughly disgusted with the day,
Their lives, though uncondemned, have cast away.
How willingly they now, in upper air,
Both poverty and irksome toils would bear.
The Fates oppose : and with sad wave them chains
The Stygian lake repulsive, and restrains.
Nor far hence, stretching in directions all,
Are shown the Moping Plains—so them they call.
Here secret paths conceal, and myrtle grove
Round those encompasseth, whom ill-starred love
With cruel waste insidious did consume :
In death itself their cares they do resume.
Phædra he sees, and Procris ; and sad there
Eriphylè—her stern son's wounds laid bare :
Evadnè and Pasiphaë, with whom
Laodamia goes, companion close in doom ;

And Cæneus, late youth, woman now—once more
Returned by fate to shape possessed of yore.
'Mong them was wandering, too, in the wood great,
Phœnician Dido; from her wound but late.
Near whom as first the Trojan hero stayed,
And her recognised through the obscure shade,—
As one who, when the month begins, or spies,
Or thinks he spied the moon through cloud to rise,—
He, shedding tears, addressed her lovingly :
Hapless Dido, true news then came to me,—
Thou wast extinct; hadst quit with steel thy breath.
I was alas! the cause to thee of death.
By the stars I swear; the Gods high attest;
And, if any faith deep in earth does rest—
Unwished, O queen, from thy shore was my course.
But the commands of Gods, which now me force
Through these shades to go—through parts rough and waste,
And night profound—from thy domains me chased.
Nor could I have, by parting, the belief
That I to thee was causing such great grief—
Stay, avoid me not; whom dost thou flee?
This the last word, by fate, I speak to thee.

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As thus her mind, burning and sternly bent,
Æneas tried to soothe and cause relent,
She held, on ground fixed, her averted eyes ;
Nor more, from first word, changed her features' guise,
Than if hard flint, Marpesian rock stood there.
At length she burst away, and made repair,
Sullen, to shady grove ; where former spouse,
Sichæus, answers cares, fulfils love's vows.
No less Æneas, struck by the unjust fate,
With tears afar pursues, compassionate.

Thence he proceeds : and now the farthest seats
They gain—of famed warriors the retreats.
Here appears Tydeus ; and, renowned in arms,
Parthinopæus ; and, with flights alarms
Pale, Adrastus' shade : here too, in battle slain,
The Trojans mourned above with sorrow's rain.
He sighed, when all in order noting thus,—
Glaucus and Medon and Thersilochus ;
And the three brothers Antenoridès ;
To Ceres consecrate, Polyboetes ;
Idæus, too,—e'en handling chariot, arms.
On right and left the sprites flock round in swarms.

Nor, once to have seen, enough : they lingering stay ;
Advance ; to learn the cause of coming pray.
But the Greek chiefs, and the companions stern
Of Agamemnon, soon as they discern,
Through murk, the hero and his arms to glow,—
Began with great fear to quake ; part to show
Their backs, as erst the ships they sought ; to raise,
Part, a feeble voice—commenced, in throat it stays.
And Priam's son Deïphobus was here :
Whole body torn ; face slashed in hate severe ;
Face, and both hands ; his head, too, of ears shorn,
And with disgraceful wound nose cropt in scorn.
Him scarce thus he knew,—struggling his dire wounds
To hide—and first accosts, in well known sounds :
Brave Deïphobus—of great Teucer's race—
Who, cruel, thee presumed so to deface ?
To whom given such great licence touching thee ?
On the last night, a rumor bore to me
That thou, worn out with killing Greeks, hadst lain
Dead on a heap promiscuous of slain.
Then I myself an empty tomb did rear
On Rhœtean shore, and *manès* to draw near

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Thrice with loud voice I called. The place retains.
Thy name and arms. Thee, friend, I by no pains
Could parting see, on native earth to place.
Then, son of Priam : Friend, thou lack'st no grace :
To Deïphobus and shades thou paid'st all.
But my own fates, and the guilt exitial
Of Spartan Helen,* me whelmed in these woes :
These the memorials that she bestows.
For, that we spent the last night in false cheer
Thou know'st—alas ! the memory too near :
When clomb high Pergamus the fatal horse,
And, pregnant, bore in womb an armèd force.
She, feigning revelry, the Phrygian dames
Led round the orgies, raising wild acclaims :
Herself a torch held, and, from topmost height
Of citadel, the Greeks she did invite.
I, with cares worn out and by sleep oppressed,
Then in the ill-starred chamber took my rest :
In slumber, sweet, deep, most like death, I lay.
Meanwhile, from house my rare spouse does convey
All arms—e'en trusty sword beneath my head,
Calls Menelaus, and gates wide does spread :

Hoping, no doubt, a great boon to bestow,
And fame of former ills to extinguish so.

Why more?—the room they burst: 'mongst them does chime.
Ulysses, instigator of their crime.

Ye Gods, the like to Greeks do ye renew,
If with lips pious I ask vengeance due.

But come, in turn, do thou now tell, I pray,
What chances thee alive have brought this way :

Whether by errors com'st thou forced of sea?

Or command of Gods? or what fortune thee

So sorely tries, that thou thy way shouldst steer
To homes without sun sad, foul atmosphere?

Aurora's rosy team, ere turn of speech,

The midway goal in lofty course did reach;

And all the allotted time might so have fled,

Had not the Sibyl warned and curtly said:

Night speeds, Æneas; weeping we delay;

This is the place where splits in two the way—

Right, which to palace of great Pluto tends,

By it our way to Ilysium bends:

Left,—to the wicked's punishments pertains,

And the impious Tartarus attains.

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Deiphobus to this, with quailing heart :
 Rage not, great priestess, I will straight depart ;
 One verse more, and darkness again be mine :
 Go, our glory, go, and better fates be thine.
 Thus much he said, and with the word withdrew.

Æneas looks round suddenly: to view,
 'Neath left hand rock a spacious fortress rose,
 With triple wall begirt ; round which there flows,
 Rapid with lashing flames, Tartarëan tide
 Of Phlegethon, and rolls stones sounding wide.
 Gate fronting, huge ; of adamant the posts ;
 Which power of man, nor even the heavenly hosts
 Themselves with steel could rend : stands high in air
 An iron tower ; Tesiphonè* sits there,
 In bloody pall, porch watching night and day.
 Thence groans are heard ; sound of fell scourge alway :
 Then clanking iron, dragged chains strike the ear.
 Æneas stood and the din breathed in fear.
 What crimes, say thou, what punishments are these ?
 O virgin, what this outcry wild on breeze ?
 Then thus the prophetess: Leader renowned,
 Trojan,—none, chaste, may tread the impious bound :

But, when the Avernian groves she gave to me,
The Gods' awards herself taught Hecatè
And me through 'all things led. These realms obey
Gnossian Rhadamanthus' iron sway.
He punishes, and hears the frauds no less;
And every one he forces to confess
What crimes, above committed, in stealth vain
Rejoicing, he to late death did retain.
Straightway, with scourge equipped the avenger nigh,
Tesiophonè the guilty ones does ply,
Insulting; and, outstretching in left hand
Fierce snakes, she calls the cruel sister band.

Then, creaking on harsh hinge, at length to slide
The accursèd gates were seen—they open wide.
Not'st thou what sort of guard, she says, sits there
In vestibule? To what shape threshold's care?
More fierce the Hydra huge holds place within,
And with its fifty black throats wide does grin.
Then, Tartarus extends to dark profound
Far twice as is the view of sky from ground.
Here the Titanian youths—earth's ancient race—
By thunder whelmed, are tossed in lowest base.

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Here I did also see, of form immense,
The twin Aloïdès, who dared commence
The mighty heavens with hands erst to pull down,
And Jupiter to rob of his high crown.—
Salmoneus, too, I saw ; to fell pains sent
On feigning Jove's fires, sounds Olympian, bent.
He, by four horses borne and shaking high
A torch, did through the Grecian nations fly ;
Through Elis' central town triumphing came,
And for himself respect of Gods did claim.
Fool ! to feign storms and matchless thunder's force
With brazen car and horn-hoofed horses' course.
But, 'mid dense clouds, father omnipotent
His bright bolt twirled, and, launching, downward sent,
[No link bears he, nor smoky torch's fire]
And headlong dashed him with the whirling dire.—
There also to behold was Tityon,
Of the all-teeming earth the fosterson.
Through nine whole acres stretched his body lay :
And with hooked beak a vulture huge alway
Pecking his liver that, consumed, ne'er dies—
Inwards, of pains prolific—gloating eyes

The loved repast, and dwells 'neath his deep breast :
Nor to renascent fibre given rest.—
The Lapithæ and Ixion why recall ?
Perithöus too ? o'er whom, 'bout to fall
And like to falling, a dark rock impends.
The stately festive couch a lustre sends
From golden props, and banquet dressed is there
Before their eyes, most sumptuous the fare :
The greatest of the Furies couches nigh
[Nor dare they hope to escape her watchful eye]
And table them prevents to touch with hands—
Rises, raised her torch : thunders her commands.—
Here, those who brothers hated ; father beat ;
Or weaved for client fraudulent deceit :
Or who alone o'er gotten riches bowed,
Nor gave part to kin—this the greatest crowd :
And, who for foul adultery were slain :
And, who in impious war their sword did stain
Nor feared the right hand of their lords betray.
Imprisoned, they their punishment await :
Ask me not say what punishment—to state
By what process, fortune, the men cast.
Others huge stone roll : hang to spokes made fast

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Of wheels : doomed Theseus sits, shall ever sit :
And wretched Phlegyas gives all to wit,
And, through the shades, with loud voice testifies :—
Learn ye justice, warned, nor the Gods despise.
This man his country sold, and tyrant dire
Imposed : made, and the laws unmade, for hire.
This not from guilt incestuous refrained.
All crimes enormous dared, what dared attained.
Not, if to me belonged a hundred tongues,
A hundred mouths, an iron voice and lungs—
Fully could I all kinds of crimes relate,
Names all of punishments enumerate.

Thus Phœbus' agèd priestess spoke ; and still :
But come, do thou the way take, and fulfil
The task assumed ; let us, she says, make haste.
The walls I see, in Cyclops' workshops traced,
And, in arch opposite, the doors I know,
Where, ordered, we the appointed gift bestow.
She said. They, walking through the shady way,
Side by side, pressed o'er space between that lay.
Æneas access occupies of door ;
His body with pure water sprinkles o'er,

And leaves, on threshold fixed, the branch displayed.

All this accomplished ; gift to goddess made :

They came where their eyes a scene joyful greets—

Of the blest groves the verdure, happy seats.

Freer here the air and, with cheerful glow,

Mantles the plains : their own sun, own stars, they know.

Part, on grassy lists, their chests expand ;

Contend in play ; wrestle on yellow sand :

Part plaud the graceful dance and raise the song.

In long robe Thracian Orpheus, them among,

With harp's seven tongues discourses harmony :

Strikes now with fingers, now with ivory key.

Here Teucer's ancient kind—most famous race—

High-minded heroes, better times that grace—

Ilus, Assaracus, and Dardanus,

Troy's founder. Admires he, conspicuous,

The heroes' arms apart and empty cars.

Stand fixed in earth their spears ; and, freed from wars,

Through the plains wandering their steeds are fed.

What pride of cars and arms in life was bred,

What care their glossy-coated steeds to rear—

The same, when 'stowed 'neath earth, attends them here.

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Others he does, on right and left, admire
Feasting on sward, and hymning in gay choir,
'Mid fragrant laurel grove, where, upward bound,
Eridanus' full stream through woods is wound.—
Here—who, for country fighting, wounds sustained;
And—who were holy priests while life remained;
And pious bards who sang worth Phœbus' name;
Or—who graced life with arts, their talents' claim;
And—who by worth men mindful of them made.
Wreaths snowy of all these the temples shade.
Whom Sibyl thus, Musæus chief, addressed—
For an immense crowd him, in centre, pressed
And to him, high o'ertopping, upward gaze:
O happy spirits, tell; and thou, she says,
Most worthy bard, what region, what place, say,
Anchises has: cause his, we took the way
And rivers great of Erebus crossed o'er.
And thus the hero's answer shortly bore:—
To none fixed home: in shady groves we stay;
Couches of banks, meads green where rivers stray,
Frequent. But, if such wish your bosom hath,
Ridge climb and I will set you on sure path.

He said: and led the way; and the plains bright
 From top he shows. They, then, descend the height,
 But father Anchises sprites—shut away
 In verdant vale, and who to upper day
 Were doomed to go—surveying was; with care
 Them noting; and all of his kindred there,
 Dear offspring, was reviewing by chance then—
 Fates, fortunes, manners, actions of the men.
 And when Æneas he o'er grass beheld
 Approaching, out both hands rejoiced he held;
 And tears ran down his cheeks; his voice o'erboils:
 Thou hast arrived, at length! and the way's toils,
 And difficulties great, thy piety
 Has overcome—already proved by me.
 Thy face, O son, 'tis granted to behold!
 Voices to hear—return—well known of old!
 So I in mind conceived and deemed 'twould be,
 Computing times; nor my care cheated me.
 From what lands visited—what great seas crossed—
 I thee receive! Son, by what dangers tossed!
 Dread mine, lest Libyan realms* might harm thee aught.
 But he:—Thy shade oft, sire, with sadness fraught

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Appearing, forced me enter this retreat.
Lies moored in the Tyrrhenæan the fleet.
Grant me to join right hands ; grant, sire, this grace ;
Nor yet withdraw thyself from my embrace.
O'er his cheeks, speaking, tears profusely strayed.
Thrice he his arms to throw round neck essayed :
Thrice, in vain grasped, the image 'scaped his hands ;
Like to thin air ; most like sleep's fleeting bands.

Meanwhile Æneas notes, where vale retires,
Secluded grove ; and sounding copse admires,
And Lethe's stream these still haunts that flows by ;
Round which countless nations, tribes, did fly.
And even as when bees, in summer bright,
Upon the various flowers in meads alight,
And flit in swarms the lilies white around,—
The whole plain is a-buzz with murmuring sound.
Æneas shuddered at the unlooked-for scene,
And asks the cause ; what, puzzled, it might mean.
Moreover, what the river ; who the men
That thronged the banks in such great numbers then.
Anchises answers :—Shades, to whom by fate
Are destined other bodies, congregate

By the Lethæan stream, and, at the brink,
Do secret waters, long oblivion drink.
Oft have I wished these, showing, to relate;
To thee this race of mine to enumerate :
That, Italy gained, thy heart might warmer glow.
O Father, must I think sprites hence do go
To air aloft ? into gross forms return ?
Why such desire of life them wretched burn ?
I'll tell, O son, nor in suspense thee hold,
Anchises said ; and all things does unfold :—
From the beginning, heaven, earth, liquid plains,
The moon's bright orb—a soul within maintains,
And the Titanian stars ; and mind the whole
Universe does, through members shed, control,
And itself mixes with the body vast.
Thence man's race, and beasts, and lives wingèd cast,
And monsters 'neath deep's marble plains that course.
A fiery vigor have—celestial source—
These seeds ; far as gross bodies clog them not,
Blunt earthy limbs and members doomed to rot ;
Hence they fear, desire, grieve, rejoice—ne'er bent
Heavenward their views ; in gloomy prison pent.

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Besides, when life with the last gleam has fled,
Not, in them wretched, yet extirpated
All ill—stains corporal : but much that here
Concreted long, must in strange ways adhere.
Therefore, they're plied with punishments, and pay
The penalties of former ills : for they
Must, likewise, all be purged. Some to thin air
Suspended are spread out ; of others, where
The vast tide flows, the stain of guilty mire
Washed out is with floods—or burned out with fire.
Manès to bear we each must be content.
Then, through wide Elysium we are sent :
And, few, we occupy the blissful seats ;
When the long day, as time its orb completes,
Has left—the stain concrete now purged away—
Mere sense ethereal, spark of undimmed ray.
All these, a thousand rolling years once sped,
To Lethè's stream are by god summonèd ;
So they, oblivious, high convex may gain,
'Gin long with bodies to be clothed again.
Anchises spoke : and son and Sibyl guides
Amid the assemblage, buzzing on all sides,

And mounts a rise, whence he may all discern
As they advance, and coming features learn.

Now, then, he says, to thee in words I'll trace
What glory follows the Dardanian race ;
What Italian offspring they may claim,—
Illustrious sprites, hence, into our name,
About to go : thy fates I will divine.
That youth who does on bright spear, see, incline,
By lot life's first place holds—the first shall rise,
With blood Italian mixed, to upper skies—
Sylvius—Alban name—thy latest born ;
Whom thy spouse Lavinia thinks not scorn
In woods a king, father of kings, to rear ;
Whence shall our kind o'er Alba domineer.
That, next him, Procas—dear to Trojan fame :
And Capys ; and Numitor ; and in name,
Sylvius Æneas, who shall thee restore ;
Like fame for piety or arms in store,
If he e'er sceptre shall o'er Alba sway.
Observe thou what great strength the youths display.
But those whose brows the civic oak does grace ?
These shall for thee cities on mountains place—

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Nomentum, Gabii, and Fidena:
These—Collatia's towers, and Pometia,
And Castrum Inui, Bola, Cora.
Such the names shall be—nameless now the lands.
Moreover, with grandsire in friendly bands
Himself shall Mars' son Romulus combine;
Assaracus' his mother Ilia's line.
See'st thou how two crests stand upon his head;
By Jove himself e'en now thus honorèd.
Lo! through his auspice, son, that famous Rome
Her sway shall bound by earth; thoughts, by heaven's dome;
And with herself seven mountains shall inwall:
Proud of her breed of men—fit to recall
Mother Berecynthia,* car-conveyed,
Who, crowned with towers, through Phrygian cities strayed,
At Gods' births joyed—a hundred sons embraced—
All denizens of heaven—on heights all placed.
Hither! thy two eyes hither bend!—survey
This race—thy Romans, bound for upper day.
This Cæsar—all Iulus' stock. This he—
This man—whom oft thou hearest promised thee—

Augustus Cæsar—god-bred ; who, once more,
The golden age to Latium shall restore—
To fields erst blest beneath Saturnus' reign :
And o'er the Garamantæ sway shall gain ;
O'er Indians, too, the empire shall extend—
Lands placed beyond where stars their circuit end,
Beyond sun's goal, where Atlas heavenward rears
And the fire-studded arch on shoulders veers.
His far approach both the Caspian realms
And the Mæotic land, e'en now, o'erwhelms ;
And the great Gods' responses fill with dread :
Nile's seven mouths, too, with fear are troublèd.
Not earth so much Alcides did run o'er :
Though he the brazen-footed stag did gore,
Or groves of Erymanthus pacified,
And with his bow made tremble Lerna wide :
Nor Bacchus, victor, who, with vine-decked reins,
From Nysa's top yoked tigers guides, restrains.
And by deeds doubt we to grace valor, still ?
Or can the Ausonian land a fear instil?—

But who far off is he with olive decked,
Bearing in hands things sacred ?—The aspect,

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The locks and snowy chin, I recognize,
Of Roman king who first shall civilize
With laws the city : sent from poor domain,
From Curès small o'er empire great to reign.
Him Tullus shall succeed ; who the repose
Shall of his country break, and stir up those
To arms, now peaceful grown, and unused long
To martial pomp and the triumphal song.—
Next comes vainglorious Ancus ; whom does please
Too much e'en now the breath of vulgar breeze.—
Wouldst kings Tarquinian see ? and the proud soul
Of Brutus the avenger,—badge of control,
The fasces won ? He shall, the first, assume
A consul's power—rule harsh—and shall doom,
For glorious liberty, to cruel fate—
Father, sons factious : Oh ! unfortunate.
Just as posterity such deeds shall bear
The patriot flame and glory's lust shall fare.—
The Decii, afar, and Drusi, see ;
Torquatus, armed in stern authority ;
Camillus, too, back the ensigns bearing.—
But those !* thou perceiv'st, in like arms glaring ;

Friendly spirits now, and while held by night:
Alas! what mutual war, when life's light
They reach,—what fights they'll rouse and carnage fell:
From the piled Alps—Monæcian citadel
The father-in-law descending; and, equipped,
From East the son-in-law, parts adverse, shipped.
Oh! use not, boys, your minds to such great strife,
Nor strong powers turn against your country's life.
Refrain thou, first, thou branch of heavenly bud,—
Cast from thy hands thy weapons, my own blood!—
He shall to capitol drive victor's car,
For conquered Corinth famed, Greeks slain in war.
He, Argos, and Mycenæ, ancient seat
Of Agamemnon, shall in arms defeat;
With king himself of brave Achilles' line:
Troy's sires avenged, and Pallas' injured shrine.—
Who thee, great Cato, silent can pass by?
Or, Cossus, thee? Who, Grachus' family?
Or the two Scipioes, thunderbolts of war,
Libya's fate? and potent, though poor, afar,
Fabricius? Or Serranus, sowing seed?
Whither me wearied, Fabius, wouldst thou lead?

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Who, si

Thou art that famous Maximus—rare fate—
Who by delaying sav'st to us the state.—
Others more delicately shall express
The breathing brass, I do believe; no less,
From marble forth elicit living face;
Plead causes better; and with radius trace
The heaven's movements; rising stars declare:
To rule the nations, Roman, be thy care.
These shall thy arts be: terms of peace to name;
To spare the conquered, and the proud to tame.

So spoke Anchises: and, to them amazed,
He further adds, as still intent they gazed:
See how with rich spoils decked Marcellus bright
Stalks victor, and all men o'ertops in height.
He shall, with cavalry, the Roman State
Establish, when disturbed by tumult great;
The Carthaginians quell and rebel Gaul;
And, third, spoils hang upon Querinus' wall.
Æneas then: [for with him he saw go
A youth by beauty marked and arms' bright glow;
But, of clouded front and dejected eyes:]
Who, sire, is he that him accompanies?

Son ? or some other who our blood shall share ?
What friends around ! What likeness he does bear !
But dark night circles with sad shade his head.
Father Anchises, thus, tears starting, said :
Seek not, O Son, sad grief of thine to know ;
Him the Fates to earth shall only show,
Nor more shall they permit. The Roman race
Had seemed, ye Gods, too powerful, if such grace
Theirs had remained. What groans of men that plain
Shall send to Mars' great city ! and, ah ! vain,
What funeral rites, O Tiber, shalt thou spy,
When once the recent tomb thou glidest by !
No boy of Trojan race, in future days,
Shall to such hopes the Latin fathers raise :
Nor land of Romulus shall ever boast
Itself so much of any nursling lost.
Ah piety ! old faith ! and brave right hand !
None had dared, scathless, him armed to withstand,
Whether 'gainst foe when he on foot should lead,
Or with spurs dig the flanks of foaming steed.
Boy, to be mourned alas !—if harsh decree
Break thou mayst chance, Marcellus* thou wilt be.

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Give lilies with free hand, that I may throw
Dark flowers ; and at least may, by such gifts, show
Honor to kindred shade, and duty vain
Discharge.—So wander everywhere the twain
The region o'er, on the broad plains of air.
And when Anchises had his son, with care,
All things conducted through ; and, with desire
Of coming fame, had set his mind on fire ;—
He, then, him tells what wars he yet must wage ;
Of the Laurentian people teaches, sage,
And city of Latinus ; and how he
Each difficulty may surmount—or flee.

Two, gates has *Somnus : one of horn, they say ;
Through which true shades of egress have free way :
Pure ivory,—the other brightly gleams ;
But by it the *Manès* send false dreams.
With such discourse Anchises entertains
His son and Sibyl, till this part he gains :
And by the ivory gate he them forth sends.—
He makes direct for ships and joins his friends.
Then, skirting coast, he to Caieta bore.
Anchor from prow is cast : poops line the shore.

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NOTES.

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|--|------|
| • Eubœic Coast—being settled by a Colony from the Island of Eubœa | 7 |
| • Dædalus—a distinguished engineer, sculptor, &c.—the inventor of the famous Labyrinth of Crete—was, along with his son Icarus, imprisoned in a tower by King Minos. Thence they made their escape by means of wings composed of feathers attached by wax. The father landed safely as described; but, from the melting of the wax, the son was precipitated into the <u>Ægean</u> sea, and left his name to a part of it—the Icarian sea..... | 8 |
| † Androgeus—Son of Minos, King of Crete, having repeatedly carried off prizes at the Grecian games, was, through envy, put to death by the Athenians and Megarenses. The latter were assailed in consequence, and subdued in war by the Cretans; the former submitted to the living tribute mentioned in the text. These youths were enclosed in the labyrinth to be devoured by the Minotaur therein confined..... | 8 |
| ‡ Gnossian land—the island of Crete..... | 8 |
| Royal Dame—Ariadne, daughter of Minos, being smitten with love for one of the unfortunate youths—Theseus, son of the Athenian King—Dædalus saved him and his companions by the simple | |

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means of a clew of thread. The thread being attached to the post and the clew unwinding as they proceeded, they returned without difficulty, after Theseus had performed the exploit of destroying their intended devourer, the Minotaur	8
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* Phœbus—or Apollo.....	10
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† Alcides—Herculès.....	14
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* Spartan Helen—Wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta, carried off by Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy, which caused the Trojan War —after Paris' death married his brother, Deiphobus..... 35
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* But those—Cæsar (Julius) and Pompey; the latter married to Julia, the daughter of the former. Cæsar was supported by the armies of Gaul and the west; Pompey by those of Asia and the East..... 51
* Marcellus.—M. Marcellus, son of the great C. Marcellus and Octavia, sister of Augustus, was destined by Augustus as the husband of his daughter, Julia. He was prematurely loaded with honors, but died at the age of twenty, to the great grief of the Roman people, and was honored with a most magnificent funeral. When Virgil recited this Book of the <i>Æneid</i> to Augustus, Octavia is said to have swooned on hearing this passage; and to have ordered payment to him of ten sesterces for each line..... 54
* Somnus—God of Sleep..... 54

ERRATUM.

Page 8, line 2. For "Minols" read "Minoian."